

My EarthBound Angel2: Fate; She Is Not Kind

by Nancy

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Title: My Earthbound Angel 2: Fate She Is Not Kind Author: Nancy Kelly
Email: TheBratt72@hotmail.com Category: MSR/Angst 1st person
POV/Mulders Spoilers: The WHOLE cancer thingy Rating: PG Disclaimer:
Do I have to do this again???? I don't own them, never have and never will! Sheesh! Fox, the most Awesome Chris Carter, and 1013 productions own them.

Summary: Sequel to "My Earthbound Angel". You might want to read the first one beforehand, but I don't think you really have to in order to follow this one. Scully's cancer makes a surprising return after being in remission.

* * * Don't make no difference, Escaping one last time, It's easier to believe, In this sweet madness, Oh this glorious sadness, That brings me to my knees, In the arms of the Angel, Fly away from here.. -"Arms of an Angel" by Sarah McLachlan * * *

You know, there was one time in my life when I used to believe in fate. I used to believe that once you found your fate, all the horror and trials in life would ease a bit. After spending the first 37 years of my life living in pure hell of self-pity, self-guilt and loathing, I finally believed that I found my fate. I thought that for once in my life, the long winding roads that life dealt me had finally rested into one straight line. I was dead wrong. How stupid could I be? When Scully and I became partners, I knew that she was there to debunk my work. There was not a doubt in my mind what she was there for. Back then, she was nothing but a little spy. Back then, she was just in the way, and, all I saw, was someone who was going to throw a wrench into my life's work. Boy, did she ever throw me for a loop. Not only did she become the best friend I have ever had, the best partner and confidant. She had also become my lover. I was truly and enormously blessed. I had finally come to believe that

fate decided to deal me a good hand. Or Us a good hand, I should say. I was nothing but the happiest man in the world. Our first Christmas together was absolutely amazing. She had been in remission of her cancer for awhile, and it was behind us. We had just become lovers, which was the number one spot in my life, and she had shown me what a real family does on Christmas: they spend it together. Which is what we did. We went to Mrs. Scully's. I still can't find it in me to call her "mom". Anyway, we had spent the whole day there. Dana had gone into the kitchen to help her mom, and guess where I was stuck?? Yup, Bill. Oh what a good OLE boy he was. I could see the vein in his forehead threatening to pop out all the way from across the livingroom. Of course I smiled. How could I not? I was there..with his sister..and we were 'lovers'. Take that Billy OLE boy! He gave me the eye of death all night long. I swear if he had gotten an opportunity, he would have stabbed me with the carving knife. I saw it in his eyes. But, he couldn't touch me, and I felt like a little kid wanting to yell "Na na na na na!" I didn't..of course. Christmas was wonderful, Valentines Day was wonderful: I had proposed. That day is definitely high on my list. I had taken her out to dinner, only the best, of course. We went to a nice little seafood restaurant that overlooked the bay. It was so beautiful. I had requested a nice, silent and private booth next to the window. And we sat there at our intimate little table and ate dinner as a couple, and just enjoyed that we had each other. It was all I ever needed all I ever wanted. After dinner when we got to her apartment, which was somewhat becoming "ours", and she had excused herself to change. I made myself at home by tossing my tux jacket onto the back of the sofa and kicked off my shoes. While she made herself more comfortable, I put on a Sarah McLachlan CD and lit up some candles around the livingroom. I had to make the evening special, for there was an important question I needed to ask. The contents of that question, being hidden in a purple velvet box in my pocket. I had looked everywhere for the perfect ring. I even took off a day from work, giving her some excuse, as I looked and shopped for only the best for her. I remember taking the ring out and looking at it, while I waited for her to change. It was the perfect ring all right. And about 10 months worth of salary. But she was more than worth it. When she came out to me, she had changed into sweats and one of my sweatshirts. She might as well have gone swimming in those, she looked so adorable. So me, in my tux and she in my sweats, I proposed. She, of course, said "yes" and agreed to marry a jerk like me. I was the happiest man. For exactly 4 months, 2 weeks and five days. That's when I received the call at work. "Fox, it's mom," came Mrs. Scully's voice, "I think you need to come home to Dana's apartment, right now please." "What is it?" I asked, ignoring the fact that she STILL insisted in calling me 'FOX'. My mind immediately went into overdrive. She had taken Dana to her routine appointment that morning. You know, the routine appointment that all previous cancer patients go to, to make sure that the cancer is still gone? Well, needless to say, the tone of Maggie's voice terrified me. "I-I just think you need to come home, please," she said, "Dana and I need to talk to you." "I'm on my way," I told her in a voice that sounded nothing like my own. My. Life. Came. To. A. Hault. It was back. I saw it in Dana's eyes when I entered the apartment. And Maggie was just as obvious. I could tell in her eyes that she had been crying. But my main concern was Dana. She sat on her overstuffed couch with a blank look on her face. She looked terrified. She looked small. She looked frail. She looked like.cancer. I kneeled before her and took her hands from her lap and took them into mine. She would not look at me; her eyes fixed on her lap as if she had done something wrong. She seemed almost ashamed.

"Dana?" I whispered. That is when I saw the evidence of her first tear fall down her cheek and unto the hands that held hers. "I-It's back." She whispered through a voice that almost came out in a whimper. "What?" I swallowed hard. I felt that lump in my throat. It felt as though I were trying to swallow an orange whole. Her eyes finally bore into mine. Pure blue meeting my hazel. "The cancer," she whispered, "It's back." I shook my head violently. "Mulder-" she began, when she saw my expression of horror and disbelief. "No," I interrupted her. My voice came out surprisingly strong, "No, they-they said it was gone. you have been free of cancer-" "Remission, Mulder," she corrected in tears. I felt Maggie's hand on my shoulder, but I was angry and shrugged it off. I know I hurt her, but at the same time, I think she understood my anger. "It was never gone, Fox," Maggie said softly, "Just remission." "No!" I snapped at her, and then looked back at my Dana, "It's been a year, God dammit!" "Mulder, please," Dana pleaded, "Please." I could feel myself clenching my jaw. I just didn't want to believe it. This couldn't be happening. Not to us and not to Dana. The cancer was supposed to be gone. I looked into her eyes then, and I paid attention. She wasn't lying to me. She was speaking the truth. "Where?" I asked. She looked away from me, and swallowed. I could tell she was trying to fight back tears. It wasn't working though, because they were spilling quite freely from her eyes. Maggie offered Dana a tissue but her daughter shrugged it away. "I'm ok, Mom," she said as she squeezed my hands. She was gazing out the window, into the sunshine of June. "It's sunny," she said totally off-guard, and in a tone of such wonder. It was in a voice of awe as if she hadn't realized it was sunny beforehand, "Bet you that the robins are out in the birdfeeder." "Dana, honey-" Maggie began worriedly. Dana shook her head, "I'm fine, Mom." I took my hand from Dana's and placed it under her chin, forcing her to look at me. When her eyes met mine again, she closed them in fear. "Where?" I asked more quietly. She opened them, and her mouth dropped open, "You are crying." I hadn't realized that I had been crying. She gingerly reached up and wiped my tears with the tips of her tiny fingers. "I'm sorry," she said. "Dammit, Dana," I swallowed, "Where?" Dana looked up at her mother for a very long moment. It felt like forever because I could almost feel my heart stop while waiting the news. She looked back down at me and then took my hands in hers again. "In my bloodstream." She said. Those three words still echo in my head. It's the 2nd of July now as I stand her on the balcony in the dark. I've been out here for awhile, it's too hot inside. The landlord still has to fix Dana's air conditioner. She's asleep on the couch. She has been asleep for the past hour now. Her latest chemo treatment has totally exhausted her. When we got home from this latest round, I immediately bundled her under covers on the couch because she was freezing, in 92-degree weather. I, on the other hand, was burning from the humidity, and fear, and stress. And so I stayed with her through the vomiting, the nausea, all of it. She allowed me to hold her hand, pull back her hair and soothe her. When she fell asleep, I came out here. The sky is beautiful. It's clear and almost all of the stars in the heavens are out. It's breathtakingly beautiful. I wish Dana would be awake to see this. Although I wouldn't dare disturb her slumber. I see the north star, the big dipper, the teddy bear. I see it all, most of them Dana showed me one night while we were at her moms for a barbecue. Of course, being out here gives me time to think. I'm losing her, aren't I? I mean, isn't that what Earthbound Angels are? They are here for a relatively short time, only to be taken away? They walk the earth silently doing what they are here to do, never asking for anything but always loving and enduring pain. that's what my Dana is, isn't'

it? I can't imagine losing that woman on the sofa in the apartment, just a few feet away from me. They've given her a timeline, although I won't think about that right now. I won't allow myself to remember the given timeline. She can't die on me. We've been through too much. If you asked me now, no, I don't believe in fate anymore. She is not kind.

End That is it for number two!!!! Should I keep going or end it here? Feedback greatly appreciated. I'm a new writer so be nice please! Thanks for all the great emails everyone, I look forward to writing more!

End
file.